

# OUR LIFE BLOOD EBBS AWAY

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## A PLEA FOR CONTINENTAL UNION

BY FIDELIS

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Out from our bounds they're going, scores, hundreds, day by day,  
O'er country roads and city streets they take their lingering way;  
They choke down tears and smile "good bye!" our gallant boys and  
true—

The lads that love the dear "old flag," at least, as well as you.

Yet they must seek an alien shore to live as exiles there  
For lack of place to earn their bread, tho' that might be to spare;  
For lack of room for honest toil their feet afar must roam—  
The lads that ought to be the stay of their old folks at home.

Ye send our best and brightest forth, our nation's hope and pride—  
More precious to our country's weal than all her wealth beside;  
To be the strength of alien states, of empire not our own,  
And all to "build the nation up" without its corner stone.

Then from the dregs of other lands, the wretched and the weak,  
Unfit for what before them lies, new sufferings come to seek!  
Will they give back to Canada the strength she casts away?  
Will they replace the gallant lads that leave our shores to-day?

Drag not the generous brave "old flag" into a party cry;  
Its folds have waved for freedom oft on many a day gone by;  
Claim not its name, its grand old fame for tyranny disguised,  
To hide the need and selfish greed of power and place misprized.

God gave this mighty continent to this our father's race,  
The north and south He made for all, and crowned them with His  
grace,  
That each might fill the other's lack, and love and plenty reign;—  
What He hath joined together let no man cleave in twain.